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The Fire
Escape



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When the Circus Came to Town, 3 acts, 2¼ hrs. (25c)	5 3

T. S. DENISON & COMPANY, Publishers, 154 W. Randolph St., Chicago

THE FIRE ESCAPE

A COMEDY IN ONE ACT

BY

KATHARINE KAVANAUGH

II

AUTHOR OF

*"Countess Kate," "The Man Who Came Back," "A Minister Pro
Tem," "The Queen of Diamonds," "Under Blue Skies,"
"When the Worm Turned," "Who's a Coward?"
"A Woman's Strategy," etc.*



CHICAGO

T. S. DENISON & COMPANY

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THE FIRE ESCAPE

CHARACTERS.

JOHN BAXTER *The Man*
MR. THOMPSON *The Owner of the Apartment*
THE FIREMAN
THE JANITOR
GWENDOLYN MUDD *The Girl*

NOTE.—The parts of the Fireman and Janitor are very short and can be played by a stage hand. The same man can do both by changing his coat and hat, as only his head shows at the window.

PLACE—*An Apartment House in a City.*

TIME—*The Present.*

TIME OF PLAYING—*About Twenty Minutes.*

PROPERTIES.

Cage with stuffed parrot for Baxter. The parrot is not necessary if the cage has bars placed close together. Otherwise any stuffed bird will answer. Empty hat box for Gwendolyn. Tray of sandwiches for Baxter. Decanter of wine or any soft drink for Gwendolyn.

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THE STORY OF THE PLAY

A man living in an apartment building is driven from his room by a fire. He escapes by getting onto the roof, crossing the roofs of the adjoining buildings and climbing down a fire escape. Finding an open window on the way down and being clad only in his pajamas, he enters. Before he has gotten his bearings, he is joined by a young lady in nightgown and negligee who has escaped in the same manner and they strike up an acquaintance under rather embarrassing but highly amusing circumstances.

Before long they are joined by another man, a stranger, who seems to feel rather at home and for the sake of appearances they pose as husband and wife. Complications immediately ensue. The supposed husband and wife raid the pantry, make apologies for the apartment, contradict each other on many vital points of their family life—for example, the baby—and the more hopelessly they become entangled, the more the stranger seems to enjoy their predicament.

Finally when the situation has become acute, the janitor appears at the window and calls the supposed husband and wife by their right names. They have to admit to the stranger that they lied about being married and upon inquiring who he is, he calmly puts his feet on the table and informs them he is the owner of the apartment. But the fire has served its purpose in human affairs and the indications are that the scantily clad young man and woman will soon have an apartment of their very own which will require no apologies.

COSTUMES

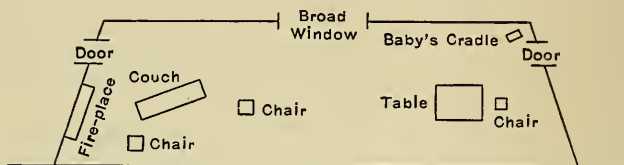
BAXTER—Up-to-date young man, dressed in pajamas and bathrobe.

GWENDOLYN—Attractive young woman in nightgown and negligee, and wearing boudoir cap.

THOMPSON—A man of forty, perhaps, dressed in business suit.

FIREMAN, in uniform, and JANITOR in suitable rough clothes.

SCENE PLOT



STAGE DIRECTIONS.

R., means right of the stage; *C.*, center; *R. C.*, right center; *L.*, left; *1 E.*, first entrance; *U. E.*, upper entrance; *R. 3 E.*, right entrance up stage, etc.; *R. D.*, right door; *L. D.*, left door, etc.; up stage, away from footlights; down stage, near footlights. The actor is supposed to be facing the audience.

THE FIRE ESCAPE

SCENE: *An apartment, top floor of the building. Doors R. U. E. and L. U. E. A broad window C., showing fire escape outside. A table L. C. Fireplace R. 2. Couch and easy chairs. In extreme L. U. E. corner a baby's cradle.*

At rise of curtain a sound of fire engines puffing off stage, red lights showing at window.

BAXTER, *dressed in pajamas and bath robe, and carrying a stuffed parrot in a cage, comes down fire escape, enters through window. He seems to be unconscious of the fact that he is carrying anything, looks around room, finds no one, at last calls out:*

BAXTER. I beg your pardon—is anybody at home? *(Pause.)* I say—I'm sorry to break in like this—*(lowers his voice)*. They're either asleep or out looking at the fire. It's up to me to try to find somebody. *(Exits L. U. E.)*

GWENDOLYN, *in nightgown and negligee, and boudoir cap, enters through window, coming down fire escape. She carries very carefully an empty hat box, looks about the room inquiringly.*

GWEN. Mercy! I wonder whose apartment this is? Must be the Haddon Hall apartment house—it's the third door from ours—and I've come across two roofs. I hope there is a woman here. It would be awful if I have dropped into a man's rooms. *(Looks out of window.)* Oh, dear, what a fire! I wonder if everybody escaped.

FIREMAN *comes down fire escape. Does not enter.*

GWEN. Mister Fireman, is there any danger of its reaching here?

FIREMAN. No, miss; don't you worry. We've got it under control. *(He continues on down fire escape.)*

BAXTER enters L. U. E., still has bird cage. GWEN turns and sees him. They both begin to speak at once.

GWEN. AND BAXTER. I hope you will excuse me for entering your apartment—(they stop suddenly, realizing they are both saying the same thing. After a slight pause they begin again.)

GWEN. AND BAXTER. Why, this isn't my apartment—(stop and look foolishly at each other).

GWEN. I think if we tried it one at a time we should get along better.

BAXTER. All right—you first.

GWEN. I was going to say this isn't my apartment.

BAXTER. That's just what I was going to say.

GWEN. Then whose is it?

BAXTER. I don't know. I live at the Earle Court three doors below here, but a fire broke out and I had to take to the roof.

GWEN. It seems we must go on repeating each other. That's just why I am here. I escaped from the fire on the fire escape.

BAXTER. Yes—naturally—that's what it's for—

GWEN. What what's for—

BAXTER. The fire escape—

GWEN. Oh, is it?

BAXTER. I'm afraid we are getting up in the air again.

GWEN. We don't seem to be able to converse as reasonable human beings. Are you sure you escaped from the fire, and not a lunatic asylum?

BAXTER. Do I look like a lunatic?

GWEN. I don't know—I never saw one—but you look like what I think a lunatic—*would* look like.

BAXTER. If you don't talk more rationally I shall begin to suspect *you*—

GWEN. What are you carrying?

BAXTER. Me? (Looks with surprise at the cage in his hand.) Bless my soul, I forgot I had it. It's a parrot I saved from burning to death.

GWEN. From burning to death?

BAXTER. Yes. The poor bird would have been suffocated by the smoke—

GWEN. (*laughs heartily*). Why, the thing is stuffed!

BAXTER (*looks at her in astonishment, then at the parrot*). Well, I'll be—I think you're right—I'm a lunatic—call the ambulance. (*Drops cage in disgust, kicks it into corner.*)

GWEN. (*begins to laugh, puts her hat box on floor and sits on it, laughing weakly at BAXTER. Suddenly the box crushes in, she jumps up and looks at the box in surprise*). What in the world have I sat on?

BAXTER. Your hat box. Though why you should sit on a hat box when there are chairs in the room, I can't understand.

GWEN. (*in great surprise*). My hat box!

BAXTER. Certainly! You had it in your hand when I first saw you!

GWEN. (*throws lid off empty hat box*). Do you mean to say I carried an empty hat box across those roofs and didn't know it?

BAXTER. Well, of course I don't like to insinuate, but I think there's a pair of us.

GWEN. (*pushes the hat box out of the way*). You know we shouldn't be talking like this, in a strange room, at this time of night—we don't even know each other—

BAXTER. I've lived at the Earle Court three years.

GWEN. And I've lived there two—and we've never met—

BAXTER. Perhaps we've met on the elevator—

GWEN. But that doesn't help any. I don't remember you—of course I've never seen you dressed—or I should say undressed—like this before.

BAXTER (*hurriedly*). Of course not—I'm sorry—

GWEN. What?

BAXTER. I mean I'm sorry I don't appear to a better advantage—

GWEN. (*suddenly remembers her appearance*). Oh, dear, I forgot—what must I look like—(*turns quickly to glass over mantel*).

BAXTER. You look very charming, if you will allow me to say so.

GWEN. You said so before I allowed you, Mister—why, I don't even know your name.

BAXTER. Baxter—John Baxter, junior member of the law firm of Baxter & Baxter.

GWEN. That's a nice name. I always think there is so much in a name; don't you?

BAXTER. Yes, one of my pet fancies has been that a person's name in some indefinable way expresses himself—

GWEN. (*downcast*). Oh, do you think so?

BAXTER. Yes—positively.

GWEN. My name is Mudd!

BAXTER (*staggers*). I beg your pardon.

GWEN. You needn't—it's not your fault.

BAXTER. Why you're serious. I thought you were joking at first.

GWEN. You can't joke with the name of Mudd. I love my father, but I have never forgiven him for marrying with a name like that.

BAXTER (*softly*). Your mother must have loved him very much.

GWEN. She did. She tried to make it up to me by calling me Gwendolyn—Gwendolyn Mudd!

BAXTER. Gwendolyn is a beautiful name—

GWEN. (*dolefully*). Yes, but remember the Mudd!

BAXTER. I can't when I look at you—I can only think of applying blossoms and orange groves and—

GWEN. Don't say lemons!

BAXTER. I wasn't going to—

GWEN. You were getting close to it. Do I remind you so much of fruit?

BAXTER (*impulsively*). You're a peach—

GWEN. Mr. Baxter!

BAXTER. Please forgive me. That was unpardonable.

GWEN. What time do you suppose it is?

BAXTER. Must be along towards morning.

GWEN. I'm terribly hungry.

BAXTER. So am I. Suppose we raid the pantry.

GWEN. In a strange apartment?

BAXTER. Oh, I'm beginning to feel at home. The place seems deserted.

GWEN. Then there's probably nothing to eat.

BAXTER. Nothing like trying. (*Starts toward R. U. E.*) I think this is the kitchen.

GWEN. (*looks through window, upward. Calls frantically to BAXTER*). Wait! There's a man coming down the fire escape!

BAXTER. Another refugee like ourselves.

GWEN. Oh, what shall we tell him?

BAXTER. Why—er—why should we tell him *anything*?

GWEN. Oh, you big stupid! Don't you realize how embarrassing the situation is?

BAXTER. Embarrassing—how?

GWEN. (*almost in tears*). A perfect stranger to find us here—like this—(*indicating their attire*) at this hour of the night?

BAXTER. Oh—I see—I'll fix that all right—

GWEN. How?

BAXTER. I'll tell the duffer we're married.

GWEN. And that this is our apartment?

BAXTER. Sure—just watch me—I'm the best little fixer in the business.

THOMPSON *appears at window, having come down the fire escape*.

THOMPSON. I beg your pardon—

BAXTER. That's all right—come right in—how's the fire?

THOMPSON *enters. His manner is a little puzzled to find the apartment occupied*.

THOMPSON. The fire is pretty bad, but I think the worst of it is over.

BAXTER. My wife and I were going to have a bite to eat—will you join us?

THOMPSON (*surprised*). To eat?

BAXTER. Yes—we've been up about an hour—I suppose you have too—

THOMPSON. Yes, the fire awakened me and I—

BAXTER. We've been watching it from the window.

THOMPSON (*in surprise*). For—an—hour!

BAXTER. Yes, ever since it started!

THOMPSON. Oh, then, you were'n't in the Earle Court building?

BAXTER. Oh, dear no, we live here!

THOMPSON (*stares at them in amazement*). You—live—here!

BAXTER. Yes—it's not a very nice place, though—I hope you'll excuse the looks of it—

THOMPSON. I think it's rather cozy.

BAXTER. Nothing much—we intend to give it up soon—don't we, dear? (*To GWEN.*)

GWEN. Yes; I never did like it—it's so cheap looking. You see, we rented it furnished and everything is in such bad taste.

THOMPSON. Oh!

BAXTER. Have a chair, old chap, until I rustle some lunch. Gwen, dear, see if there is anything to drink in that imitation cut glass decanter. (*Indicates sideboard.*) Make yourself at home, Mr.—er—

THOMPSON. Thompson's my name.

BAXTER. And ours is Mudd—Mr. and Mrs. Baxter-Mudd. (*Exit R. U. E.*)

GWEN. (*brings the decanter and glasses down to table, invites THOMPSON to drink, pours the wine.*) Do have a glass, Mr. Thompson. You must have been chilled coming across those roofs.

THOMPSON (*accepts glass*). Thanks. Did—er—did the noise of the fire disturb the—er—baby?

GWEN. (*almost spills her wine*). The what!

THOMPSON. The baby. I saw the cradle. (*Indicates cradle up in L. U. corner.*) Naturally I thought—

GWEN. (*sees the cradle for the first time, almost faints*). Oh, yes—yes—of course—I didn't catch what you were saying—yes—the baby—no, no—it didn't disturb her at all—she—she slept right straight through it!

THOMPSON. Hmm! That's remarkable!

GWEN. Yes, she's a remarkable child!

THOMPSON. May I ask her name?

GWEN. Whose name?

THOMPSON. The baby's.

GWEN. Oh, yes, certainly—it's—it's Ann—Ann Marie!

THOMPSON. Beautiful name. How old is Ann?

GWEN. (*dazed, not used to lying*). How old is Ann?

THOMPSON. Your little girl—how old is she?

GWEN. Why—I don't know—about six months, I guess!

BAXTER *enters with a tray containing a ham bone and bread.*

BAXTER. Well, of all the empty, poverty-stricken ice chests in the world, that one out in the pantry is the limit. All I could find was an almost fresh loaf of bread and a ham bone. I sliced the ham bone and made some ham bone sandwiches. I hope they don't choke you. (*Puts tray on table.*)

GWEN. (*trying to warn him*). My dear, you are speaking of your own pantry.

BAXTER. Of course, darling, our pantry. (*Takes a sandwich.*)

THOMPSON. Your wife was telling me about the baby—

BAXTER (*with a sandwich to his mouth, stares in amazement at THOMPSON*). Huh? Baby? Whose baby?

THOMPSON. Yours.

(BAXTER *looks helplessly at GWEN., who turns away to hide her face. With her back to him she shyly indicates the cradle up stage.*)

BAXTER. Oh—oh—of course—yes—certainly—the baby—cute little rascal. (*Takes bite of sandwich, talks with his mouth full.*)

THOMPSON. Children are wonderful blessings—

BAXTER. Yeh—I love 'em—why, that boy of mine is a wonder—he could talk when he was a year old—

THOMPSON. Oh, you have more than one.

BAXTER (*frightened*). No! One is enough—wait till I

get used to one before you spring another on me. He's a plenty, believe me.

THOMPSON. What's his name?

BAXTER. I called him John, after me.

THOMPSON. I don't quite understand. I understood your wife to say it was a girl—

BAXTER (*sees he has made another break, starts to laugh to cover it*). Ha, ha! That's a joke on her—

THOMPSON (*rises, goes to GWEN., speaks in an aside*). Please forgive me for mentioning it, but is your husband—er—quite all right? (*Touches his head.*)

GWEN. I am so sorry, I hoped you wouldn't notice it, but he is subject to these spells under excitement. The fire seems to have brought one on. You see—he—sort of rambles.

THOMPSON (*looking at BAXTER*). He certainly does—er—ramble.

(*BAXTER is engaged trying to get some meat off the ham bone, turns his back on them.*)

GWEN. But you won't pay any attention, will you? You see, I have to humor him.

THOMPSON. That's a frightful situation for a young woman like you. Does he ever become dangerous?

(*BAXTER grows indignant as they discuss him.*)

GWEN. Oh, yes, sometimes.

(*Between bites BAXTER throws angry glances in their direction.*)

THOMPSON. Look at him now!

GWEN. Yes—he seems perfectly satisfied with that ham bone, doesn't he?

THOMPSON. For all the world like a hungry dog.

(*BAXTER becomes angry at this, growls at them over the bone which he has in his mouth. GWENDOLYN shudders. THOMPSON puts his arm protectingly over her shoulder.*)

THOMPSON. Don't be frightened. I'll shoot him if necessary.

GWEN. Oh, no! Not that!

THOMPSON. But, think, if he should bite you while in this condition, what would happen?

GWEN. (*sobbing between laughter and tears*). I'd get the hydrophobia.

BAXTER (*seeing GWEN. in THOMPSON'S arms*). Here—you—you release my wife!

THOMPSON (*pacifying him*). That's all right, old fellow—go back to your bone—take it over in the corner and be happy.

BAXTER. What in—who are you, anyhow—haven't you got a home—do you think we are going to stay up all night to entertain you?

THOMPSON. I'll not go while this lady needs my protection.

BAXTER. This lady is my wife and doesn't need your protection.

JANITOR *from the Earle Court apartments appears at window, having come down the fire escape.*

JANITOR. Oh, Miss Mudd—Mr. Baxter—I've been lookin' everywhere for you. The fire is out. You can go back to your rooms. (*Goes up the fire escape and disappears.*)

THOMPSON (*looks from BAXTER to GWEN.*). So, that's it, is it? Miss Mudd, Mister Baxter—and you live at the Earle Court apartments, eh?

BAXTER. I'll admit we lied—but you asked so darned many questions.

GWEN. Yes, it's your fault. And, now that you know who we are, who are you?

THOMPSON (*sits in easy chair, puts his feet on the table*). Why, I'm the owner of this apartment.

(*BAXTER and GWEN. look at each other in surprise, then they begin to laugh. GWEN. is on the R. of stage, BAXTER on the L. THOMPSON seated at table C. They begin the laugh softly, THOMPSON joins in, they laugh louder, and as the curtain drops they are screaming hysterically.*)

CURTAIN.

Her Honor the Mayor

By MARY MODENA BURNS, A. M.

Price, 25 Cents

A farcical satire in 3 acts; 3 males, 5 females. One of the latter may be assumed by a man. Time, 2 hours. Scene: A parlor. Characters: Lester Parmenter, who becomes the mayor's husband. Hon. Mike McGoon, who becomes the hired girl. Clarence Greenway, the village groom. Eve Greenway, who becomes the mayor. Doris Denton, the fire chief. Rosalie Myers, her chum. Eliza Goober, the "cullud" cook, who becomes the chief of police.

SYNOPSIS

Act I.—Eve's suburban villa. Three indignant suffragists. "I tell you, girls, the more a woman sees of a man, the more she likes a bulldog." Eve joins the cause of woman's rights. "I'll show you how a weak, clinging vine can tame a mere man." Lester Parmenter, Eve's fiance and candidate for Mayor, is tamed. The political boss has a tilt with the leader of the suffragettes. "If a woman is a rag, a bone and a hank of hair, then man is a jag, a drone and a tank of air!" The boss bribes the "cullud" hired girl to drug Lester. Eve dreams she has been elected Mayor.

Act II.—Eve's dream. Women are making the laws and men are making the beds. "I've been darning stockings like a dutiful husband." Lester asks his wife for a little money. "What did you do with that dollar and a half I gave you last week?" Clarence is insulted by Mrs. McNabb and is rescued by Doris Denton, the brave Fire Chief. Rosalie bribes the Mayor. A "cullud" Chief of the Police. Mrs. McNabb proposes to Clarence. "I still hold the winning card." A duel for the documents. "Saved, saved!"

Act III.—Eve still dreams. Clarence's wedding day. Mike demands the ballot for men. "We have to pay taxes and why shouldn't we be allowed the ballot? Votes for Men!" The elopement of Clarence. Eliza arrests Mike, but he produces the "colateral" and is set free. "Officer, do your duty." Her Honor the Mayor is arrested. Eve awakes and learns that it was all a dream.

The Lady of the Opera House

By FANNY CANNON

Price, 25 Cents

Dramatic sketch; 2 males, 2 females. Time, 30 minutes. It deals with the affairs of a man and woman, struggling young artists. The old theme of misdirected love, jealousy and the realization of true devotion treated in a delightfully original manner. A most unusual bit of dramatic writing and not intended for beginners, but clever ambitious amateurs will find it an excellent vehicle in which to display their talent. There is nothing published better suited for dramatic schools. The author's book, "Writing and Selling a Play," is a sufficient recommendation as to her ability as a dramatist.

T. S. DENISON & COMPANY, Publishers
154 W. Randolph Street, CHICAGO

Deacon Dubbs

By WALTER BEN HARE

Price, 25 Cents

A rural comedy-drama in 3 acts; 5 males, 5 females. Time, 2¼ hours. One scene throughout, a farmyard, not difficult to set. A play of pathos, clean cut rural comedy, local color and a touch of sensation, making a truly great offering for amateurs. It is professional-like in construction, yet easily within the scope of any amateur society. The types are true to life, not exaggerated caricatures. The star role is a comedy old farmer, not the usual stage type of hayseed, but the real, genuine, kind hearted, wise old Deacon, a part as appealing in its way, as Uncle Josh Whitcomb, Nathaniel Berry or David Harum. The heroine, Rose Raleigh, the brave little school ma'am, is a strong, emotional part. A country boy and a Swede hired girl are great comedy parts; also a comedy old maid (almost a star part), tomboy soubrette. A finely drawn hero, character auctioneer, an excellent villain, etc. The characters are almost all equally good. A male quartet and a crowd of villagers will greatly add to the success of the play. A feature scene in each act: A country auction, a country wedding, a country husking bee. This play is a sure hit.

SYNOPSIS

Act I.—Rose Cottage on an afternoon in June. Yennie Yensen, the Swedish hired girl, wants to borrow some yumps and decides to bid on the hired man at the auction, as "he bane a purty gude looking feller." Miss Philipena arranges for the auction sale. Rose and Amos. "Out of the broken ruins of time fair blossoms grow, God's last amen is a white rose." The Deacon arrives from Sorghum Center, State o' West Virginny. "Ding, dong, bell, pussy's in the well." The farm is sold to Rose Raleigh for two thousand dollars. The defeat of Rawdon Crawley.

Act II.—Same scene, a morning in August. Wedding bells. "Happy is the bride that the sun shines on." Deuteronomy and Yennie bring wedding presents. Miss Philipena takes a nap with disastrous results. Yennie is scared. "Your face, it bane put on backwards." Back from the grave. "You are my wife. Take off that bridal wreath, that sparkling necklace." "Who is this man?" The Deacon arrests Rawdon Crawley.

Act III.—Same scene but a year later and in autumn. The husking bee. Songs and merriment by the villagers. "Rawdon Crawley has escaped!" "This is my punishment and my punishment is more than I can bear." The Deacon returns from New York. Miss Philipena and the fractious cow. The Deacon's nightmare. "Cork, cork, cork!" A wheelbarrow for two. The Virginia reel. The death of Rawdon Crawley. "We'll have a double wedding and for a honeymoon we'll all go down to Sorghum Center, State o' West Virginny."

Their First Quarrel

By CHARLES NEVERS HOLMES.

Price, 15 Cents

A comedy; 1 male, 1 female. Time, 15 minutes. A bit of glue, which has the appearance of chewing gum, underneath the seat of a chair—and "that's how the trouble began." A subtle bit of humor that will surely please. Could be played in a parlor without scenery.

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The Boy Scout Hero

By EDWIN PULLER

Price, 25 Cents

Comedy-drama for boys, in 2 acts; 17 males. Time, 1½ hours. **Scene:** 1 exterior, easy to set. A boy scout troop on its annual camp in the woods find a street gamin who is living in a cave with a hobo. He is rescued from a career of crime, procures a fine position, and in the end becomes a favorite with the boys and qualifies as an Eagle Scout. It is an interesting dramatic story well supplied with action and comedy; introduces boy scout stunts; true to scout principles and written by a scoutmaster of six years' experience.

SYNOPSIS

Act I.—Bing tries to make a sale. "We don't eat stolen chickens." "Dese ain't stole; dey was jest swiped when de farmer wasn't lookin'." Red Mike in search of Bing. The accusation and the attack. "No you don't." Scouts overpower Red Mike and bind his hands and feet. Bing starts to leave. "Stay here in camp with us." "Gimme a chance, fellers, won't ye?" Red Mike threatens the boys and is reminded of a safe robbery for which he has been hunted. "I don't wanna talk to no sheriff." Red Mike released. "I ain't got nobody now but youse guys an' I'm a-goin' to make good or bust a suspender."

Act II.—Two years have passed. Skinny relates a thrilling adventure in which Bing has proven the hero. "Here's the snake's rattle." "We're proud to have you in our troop." Performance of scout stunts. Bing wins all the contests except one. "I am proud to pin on your breast this Eagle Scout badge." "You have proven yourself a Boy Scout Hero."

What's in a Name?

By FANNY CANNON

Price, 25 Cents

Comedy; 2 males, 3 females. Time, 25 minutes. A girl objects to the loss of woman's distinctiveness by the change in name upon marriage. She marries and attempts to retain her maiden name but a few days of misunderstandings and complications teach her the folly of it. Exceptionally clever and humorous. Written especially for President's Day, New York Theatre Club, and produced under the direction of the author on the occasion of the Club's Annual Breakfast, at Hotel Astor, with a cast of professional players.

The Goose Creek Line

By CARABEL LEWIS MUNGER

Price, 15 Cents

A comedy in 2 acts; 3 males, 10 females. Time, 1 hour. **Scenes:** 2 interiors. The fun and incident of this lively play concern the installation and completion of a telephone line—the first in Goose Creek Hollow. It abounds in humorous incidents of the rural section and the characters are true to life. It was especially written for Chautauqua County, New York grange, and has been produced in manuscript numerous times with decided success.

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I'm Not Meself at All, 25 min..	3	2
Initiating a Granger, 25 min..	8	
Irish Linen Peddler, 40 min....	3	3
Is the Editor In? 20 min....	4	2
Kansas Immigrants, 20 min....	5	1
Men Not Wanted, 30 min....	8	
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Mother Goose's Goslings, 30 m.	7	9
Mrs. Jenkins' Brilliant Idea, 35m.	8	
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Not a Man in the House, 40 m.	5	
Pair of Lunatics, 20 min.....	1	1
Patsy O'Wang, 35 min.....	4	3
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Persecuted Dutchman, 30 min..	6	3
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Taking Father's Place, 30 min.	5	3
Taming a Tiger, 30 min.....	3	
That Rascal Pat, 30 min.....	3	2
Those Red Envelopes, 25 min.	4	4
Too Much of a Good Thing, 45 min.	3	6
Turn Him Out, 35 min.....	3	2
Two Aunts and a Photo, 20 m.	4	
Two Gentlemen in a Fix, 15 m.	2	
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Two of a Kind, 40 min.....	2	3
Uncle Dick's Mistake, 20 min..	3	2
Wanted a Correspondent, 45 m.	4	4
Wanted a Hero, 20 min.....	1	1

	M.	F.
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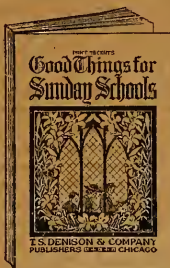
Ax'in' Her Father, 25 min....	2	3
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Coming Champion, 20 min....	2	
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Counterfeit Bills, 20 min....	1	1
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Doings of a Dude, 20 min....	2	1
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Her Hero, 20 min.....	1	1
Hey, Rube! 15 min.....	1	
Home Run, 15 min.....	1	1
Jumbo Jum, 30 min.....	4	3
Little Red School House, 20 m.	4	
Love and Lather, 35 min....	3	2
Marriage and After, 10 min..	1	
Memphis Mose, 25 min.....	5	1
Mischievous Nigger, 25 min....	4	2
Mistaken Miss, 20 min.....	1	1
Mr. and Mrs. Fido, 20 min....	1	1
Oh, Doctor! 30 min.....	6	2
One Sweetheart for Two, 20 m.	2	
Oshkosh Next Week, 20 min..	4	
Oyster Stew, 10 min.....	2	
Pete Yansen's Gurl's Moder, 10m.	1	
Pickles for Two, 15 min....	2	
Pooh Bah of Peacetown, 35 min.	2	2
Prof. Black's Funnygraph, 15 m.	6	
Sham Doctor, 10 min.....	4	2
Si and I, 15 min.....	1	
Special Sale, 15 min.....	2	
Stage Struck Darcy, 10 min..	2	1
Sunny Son of Italy, 15 min..	1	
Time Table, 20 min.....	1	1
Tramp and the Actress, 20 min.	1	1
Troubled by Ghosts, 10 min....	4	
Troubles of Rozinski, 15 min..	1	
Two Jay Detectives, 15 min..	3	
Umbrella Mender, 15 min....	2	
Uncle Jeff, 25 min.....	5	2
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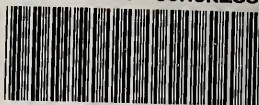
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